

Bushels of Odd Letters About the Newlyweds and Their Baby.



Every morning a small, amiable-looking, good-looking man walks into the art rooms of The Evening World to find his desk heaped high with letters and postal cards that have come by mail and notes that have come by messenger. The young man is George McManus, the cartoonist, and he is paying the penalty for having created the "Newlyweds and Their Baby."

The letters come to him from every corner of the United States. They are written by schoolchildren, college girls, young married couples, business men, invalids, cowboys, vaudeville performers, piano-movers, dentists. Apparently everybody in the country is taking a healthy interest in the pictured history of the famous Newlyweds baby and his dotting mother and dotty father.

One person writes to ask why the baby has not been named and what his name will be when he is named. Another feels solicitous regarding the lack of hair on the smooth dome of the fascinating youngster. But the great majority are interested in Master Newlywed's teething. Thus far his familiar full-face wall, which causes his juvenile countenance to look so much like an open valve, reveals but one tooth, a single square of young ivory that stands out from the upper gum like a lonely stalactite in the Cave of the Winds.

Not a Married Man.

A good many of those who write fall under the impression that Mr. McManus is married and has had personal experience in the rearing of babies—how would he know so much about it? And where would he get his wonderful

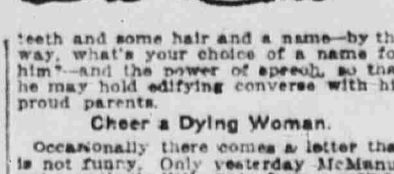


GEORGE McMANUS

ly human touches? But that's the funny part of it. Mr. McManus isn't married, although he blithely admits, as he tells the lovely maids who ring on the third finger of his left hand—he is fond of large, portable jewelry—that he has had his chance. As a matter of fact the bulk of the "local color" which adds so greatly to the success of the series dates back to the time when Mr. McManus lived in a house where there was a baby with a voice and an appetite and one tooth.

Perhaps the funniest letter yet wasn't meant to be funny. It came from a dentist in Delaware, who wrote that the famous love tooth was too large for a child as young as the Newlywed baby, and besides, he said, the tooth didn't grow at the right angle. A Pennsylvania woman, evidently an elderly one, wrote to warn Mr. McManus that he had made a great mistake. She had raised a large anti-race suicide household of children, she said, and invariably they cut their teeth in pairs. She didn't say so, but it is believed that her boys all grew up to be poker players.

Mr. McManus admits himself that the kid is getting pretty nearly old enough to have another tooth and a few wisps of hair and a name; he's nearly six months old—the kid, not Mr. McManus—the kid—that is—the kid, not Mr. McManus—will be endowed with more



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In St. Louis, who said she was doing among strangers of an incurable disease, and that the adventures of the Newweds family had cheered her a long hour of suffering and loneliness for her. An Iowa man solemnly avers that laughing at the Newweds cured him of indigestion.

This one came from Brooklyn:

Isn't it about time that the Newweds kid gets another tooth?

Anyway, kids get their lower teeth first. Don't you remember how it was in your case?

A woman at Patchogue, L. I., says:

"Would you kindly inform Mr. McManus that we mothers in Patchogue think it time the baby had another tooth."

Send this word of warning from Patchogue to Mr. McManus.

Please tell your wife to name the baby; also see that he gets his teeth

before the hot weather sets in, or you may have him and make countless numbers more."

And this suggestion:

"Send it about time the Newweds kid had another tooth? I think it is also about time for it to say 'Ma, ma, ma,' as well as 'Da, da, da.'"

A grandfather takes a more serious view of the matter.

"Being an interested reader and admirer of the Newweds series, would suggest that—as the Baby is about the age of beginning to talk, they buy a phonograph and give it a chance. Would also like to be introduced to Baby's grandma and grandpa. We have a grandson of our own and would like to see whether you can come as near to the real thing as you do with the parents."

Perhaps Mr. McManus will try.

Lord & Taylor

Women's Capes

on Sale Saturday, June 8th.

Three Distinct Models

French Broadcloth Capes

Special Prices.

The "Red Riding Hood" Capes at \$10.00

The "Mikado" Capes at \$12.50

The "Fantana" Capes at \$15.00

The above are made in Light Blue, Pink, White, Champagne, Tan and Black Broadcloths.

Broadway & 20th St.; 5th Ave.; 19th St.

When you have a Bad Breath—Wake up!

WAKE UP! It's time to take a Cascaret.

—When the friend you speak to turns his face the other way.

—When your tongue is coated.

—When you have Heartburn, Belching, Acid Rinsing in throat.

—When Pimples begin to peep out.

—When your Stomach Gnaws or Burns.

—That's the time to chock coming Constipation, Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

One single Candy Cascaret will do it!

It's taken at the right minute, just when you first feel the need of it.

Do it now!

Cascarets don't Purge, nor Weaken, nor waste Digestive Juices in flooding out the Bowels, like Salts, Castor Oil, "Physics."

But, they act like Exercise on the Muscles that shrink and expand the Intestines, thus pushing the Food on Naturally to its Finish.

When your Bowel-Muscles grow flabby they need Exercise to strengthen them—not "Physio" to pamper them.

Cascarets provide the bracing tone that is needed specifically by the Bowel-muscles.

Then carry the little ten-cent "Vest Pocket" box constantly with you, and take a Cascaret whenever you suspect you need it.

One Cascaret at a time will promptly cleanse a foul Breath, or Coated Tongue, thus proving clearly its ready, steady, sure, but mild and effective action.

Have the little 10c Emergency box of Cascarets constantly near you!

All Druggists sell them—over ten million boxes a year, for six years past.

Be very careful to get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC."

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